Walt Whitman At Home . . . By Henry Seidel Canby

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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Liberated Sicilians cheer Allied flags. America need not fear that democracy is a strange concept to the Italians. (See page 9)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Walt Whitman at Home

Long Island Provided a Representative Sampling of America

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Saturday Review herewith concludes its preview of Henry Seidel Canby's biography, "Walt Whitman, An American," the first portion of which appeared in the last issue.

THE Walt Whitman country in rural Long Island is west of the middle, beginning twenty to thirty miles from New York and extending from Long Island Sound to the Atlantic Ocean, which are so close together that the booming surf of an ocean storm could be heard on the low hills above the Sound where he was born. Eastern Long Island, the Great South Bay, and the Greenport and Montauk regions are not in his earliest childhood. This was his vacation country, where, when he left, or lost, or took time off from, a job, he pushed on from his own neighborhood into pleasant places of which as a small child he must constantly have heard.

The Whitman land—once a tract of five hundred good acres with a great orchard of twenty—was on the North Shore at West Hills in Suffolk County, sloping south and east, and about three or four miles south of Huntington harbor. The Van Velsors, his mother's family, lived on their land two or three miles off, at Cold Spring, about a mile from the harbor. This North Shore country is really an extension of Connecticut. The intervening waters of Long Island Sound, only about ten miles across, separate hilly, glacier-scoured Connecticut from the great terminal moraine which became Long Island. It is also hilly but not, like Connecticut, rocky. Its soil is richer, its trees heavier, its inlets longer and sandier, and bluer because deeper, its aspects more friendly.

And when the first of the Long Island Whitmans, about 1660, crossed from Stratford to settle on West Hills, they were pioneers extending New England, and particularly Connecticut, southward. Middle and eastern Long Island, up to the vague line that separated the Dutch of New York from the New Englanders, and which ran near Walt's birthplace, was not only a Connecticut extension, it was actually, about 1660, under the protection of Connecticut. But in 1674 Charles II punished the stiff-necked, sectarian, republican Yankees for their Puritan sympathies by assigning all Long Island to New York.

And yet the New England settlements in Long Island, while keeping their New England concern for education, seem to have left behind them not only the strict ecclesiasticism of Connecticut, but also some of the Puritan concern for the intellect, and for blue-law morals. In the Whitman region, the pioneers from across the Sound or from Massachusetts found themselves mingled with equally tenacious but more full-blooded, more easy-going Dutch from New York. Quakers, persecuted or harshly rebuked in New England, settled comfortably in this more tolerant region, which still has its meeting-houses. New York, a cosmopolitan seaport, generally regarded as irreligious and iniquitous from a very early period, was the market for this country, easily accessible by water or by land. By the eighteenth century, the New England families of Long Island had rubbed off the angles of extreme Puritanism, if, indeed, they had ever possessed them, had become part of a society of mixed faiths and races, and more resembled, in their modes of life and thinking, the tolerant worldliness of the Middle Colonies than the self-convinced orthodoxy and the Yankee singularity of Connecticut. It is noteworthy that Whitman's family, for a generation or two at least, had belonged to no church. The Whitmans, he told Doctor Bucke, were always of "democratic and heretical tendencies." And it was the New York Dutch that he celebrated as his most vital progenitors. His English ancestry was also often on his lips, but about Connecticut, which was their stepping stone to Long Island, he was incurious.

The villages of the hill country of Long Island still have a New England look to them, although the old houses on the streets and in the countryside, with shingled walls and sideward stretch, would be more at home in Cape Cod than in Connecticut. The land, however, in this region, much more resembles than does most of New England, the kind of hill country which

The "New House," Walt Whitman's birthplace at West Hills, near Huntington, L. I. From a drawing by Joseph Pennell.

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American pioneers ploughed for agriculture from the Hudson west to Wisconsin and south into Virginia. This North Shore country is a narrow strip with deep sea entrances, and amphibious in its pursuits. South of it lay the inner plains of Long Island, flat, seemingly interminable, some of it cultivated, much of it grazed, a vast prairie where one could easily imagine oneself on the great plains of the corn belt, or the grazing lands beyond the Mississippi. Beyond this plain were the lagoons and beaches of the southern shore, then barrier islands, and the open ocean. And back from this South Shore and stretching eastward to the dunes and downs of Montauk were pine forests, like those of the seaboard of our South; and, where the land was fertile, plantations of the Southern type, run by slave labor, with a manor house at the centre, suggesting in many ways the rich plantations of South Carolina.

I am trying to suggest, and with justice, I think, that the Long Island of Whitman's youth might very well be regarded as a very representative sample of America from the seaboard to the Great Plains. The "Leaves of Grass" was in his intention a representative book of America. There are no mountains in Long Island and none in the typical background of the "Leaves of Grass." The chief geography of the imagined America in that great symbolic poem is curiously represented in this youth land of Whitman's memories. His Long Island had, as I have said, sea and sea life, small harbors with local trade, plains for herding and grazing, a slice of that Eastern tidewater country in which so much of our civilization had its birth, a rich rural suburban area, a typical big city in New York, over two hundred thousand in population by 1835, a characteristic small town of America in Brooklyn, and villages of the New England type. It would have been possible for a poet of imagination such as Whitman to build upon the vivid memories of his youth a United States minus its Far West and sub-tropical South. And, in fact, that is very much what he did in many and many a poem of the "Leaves of Grass." He wrote of the Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Chattahoochee, Sauk, Oronoco, which he probably never saw, because the names suggest the breadth of a continent. He urged us to

> See, on the one side the Western sea and on the other the Eastern sea, . . .
> See, pastures and forests in my poems—see, animals, wild and tame . . .
> See, mechanics busy at their benches with tools . . .
> See, lounging through the shops and fields of the States, me well-belov'd, close-held by day and night.

But at the core of many of these vivid descriptions of cities, towns, and lands he had passed through once, or not at all, could well have been his youthful memories of Paumanok, its country, its villages, its big town, its great city. Since it is not the accuracy so much as the symbolic and ideal value of Walt Whitman's America which is significant, this theory of a transference from the subconscious stored in his youth to the representative has its importance. It accounts, I think, for the warmth with which he embraces a continent of which, actually, he had seen so little while he was writing his best poetry.

Whitman and Lincoln

THE hero-worship of Lincoln, now the accepted mode, was not Whitman's feeling about his President. When he went to Washington in 1862, he was still doubtful (like most Northerners) of the effectiveness of his leadership, and when he came to praise him, he praised him defensively. Like anyone at any time who lives in Washington when a strong man is President, he was too close to the necessary compromises and evasions of politics to be uncritical of his chief. By 1863, he has not so much changed his mind as given his respect, his loyalty, and his love entirely to a man whom he regards as one of the people struggling under a burden almost too great:

> August 12, 1863
>
> . . . Mr. Lincoln on the saddle generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse, is dress'd in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, &c, as the commonest man. . . . The sabres and accoutrements clank, and the entirely unornamental *cortège* as it trots toward Lafayette Square arouses no sensation, only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I see very plainly ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we exchange bows, and very cordial ones. . . . They pass'd me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happen'd to be directed steadily in my eye. He bow'd and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression alluded to. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. . . . The current portraits are all failures —most of them caricatures.

A curious relationship had formed between the men. It had already gone deep in Whitman, and Lincoln was pre-

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The Human Machinery of War

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF. By Ralph Ingersoll. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1943. 217 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

WHEN Ralph Ingersoll went into the Army in early 1942, a great silence seemed to descend on New York journalism. The heated battle over his deferment had been fought and lost; *PM* turned its headlines to other news. The little tabloid whose anything but self-effacing presence he had forced on the consciousness of New York residents by sheer personal drive and energy stopped its wildest buckings and rearings and settled—almost peacefully, it seemed at times—into the new and valiant niche he had carved out for it. Ralph Ingersoll got into uniform, disappeared into a training camp, and was, as far as the general public went, forgotten.

But Ingersoll, like every other soldier who fades into the anonymity of Army life, lived on. He was at first, he says, very unhappy. It is not easy for a man of forty-odd to make this fundamental readjustment, especially when he has lived as Ingersoll had. He got terribly tired physically. He was low and dispirited. He brooded on the publicity which had attended his fight with Manhattan's Draft Board 44. Throughout the first two months of his new life, he remained, in short, an individual: Ralph Ingersoll, editor of *PM,* who was now unhappily a soldier.

It took a long time for him to arrive at a conclusion which is fundamental in the makings of a soldier: that in the conflict between civilian life and Army life there is no middle ground. The choice must be made: either a man remains just a civilian in uniform and never makes the readjustment, or he leaves his old life behind and throws himself into his military job with all the energy he has. "With the first personal understanding of the power, the sheer physical might, of an organized army, you knew you either had to be submissive to the will of an enemy with such an army or else you had to help create an organization strong enough to oppose it." Ingersoll, happily for everyone, particularly the readers of this book, made the latter choice. He became a soldier and, it seems, a good one.

Those who know Ingersoll well say he is above all a man of enthusiasms. Some of them, they say frankly, are misdirected. But the U. S. Army does not leave much room for misdirected notions. Ingersoll's enthusiasms were channeled by the Army but not checked by it. The result is that in this book there is very little, practically nothing, of the hectic, unpredictable ups and downs which often characterized *PM.* Ingersoll is for the Army, heart and soul and writing hand. He has poured into the Army all the energy and enthusiasm which used to carry him on the crest of a strictly personal wave in his civilian life. Into this book he has put all the heart and mind which used to go into *PM's* lavish editorials.

"The Battle Is the Pay-Off" is, ultimately, the story of a single battle, at El Guettar in Tunisia. But before the book ever gets around to telling of the actual fighting, it tells the story of an army. Ninety percent of an army, says Ingersoll, is devoted to bringing the remaining ten percent up to where they can fight the enemy. Ninety percent of this book is devoted to bringing the reader, with Ingersoll, into the front line of the engagement at El Guettar. The result is that this reviewer, at least, got a better, more intimate idea of how an army works from this book than from any of the other numberless war books we have had.

The book is made up of the chain of small and big events and details that crowd a man's everyday life. It wanders, it reminisces, it looks ahead, but always it progresses steadily toward its objective: the battle. It sits in the sun outside battalion headquarters before the orders come in; it rides in a jeep full of fresh beef going up to Patton's First Armored Division, it intrudes, unexpectedly and appallingly, on a conference of the Allied armies' top men at Feriana, behind the lines, where the battle is being planned. It tells stories, anecdotes, jokes—the kind that soldiers tell each other, the kind that sometimes become legend in the Army and in school childrens' history books. But always the pace is smooth and unslackening in its interest—a notable achievement for a book that tells as much as this one does.

One of the stories particularly bears retelling, if only in outline. Somewhere in Morocco once an armored division was rolling to the front, a line of tanks and vehicles fifteen miles long. In a densely-wooded pass, in the dark of night, the column stalled. The commanding general was at the rear. Sensing something unusual in the protracted pause, he drove the fifteen miles along the column to see what was happening. At the head of it he found a group of his officers standing helplessly around a white-haired French poilu sitting on a rock in the middle of the road, uniformed, with row upon row of medal-hung ribbons on his chest. The old man was "a road block *symbolique.*" He represented, he said, the honor of the French Army which could not permit the invasion of French soil without resistance.

—*John Alber*

This photograph of Captain Ralph Ingersoll was taken shortly before his promotion.

The general had been in France, in the last war. He put his arm around the old man's shoulder and told him, with affection and respect, that France's honor was appeased. The column had been stalled three hours. But the old soldier refused to go to bed. "I have inconvenienced an army that was once the ally of France," he said. "I must now stay and help you to remove the symbolic road block." Said the general, "It would not be fair to these men of mine, who are so young and so anxious to serve. *They* will remove the road block, Papa; they will remove it *for* you."

There are in Ingersoll's book a Foreword and a Conclusion. These the reader can take or leave as he desires. To my mind they add nothing to the book. They are, one might say, an explanation and an opinion, such as the author might have written for *PM* before he went to war. Now, of course, there is more authority behind them, since Ingersoll has in the meantime become a soldier. But they still remain his personal reflections and as such they are out of tune with the whole book which lies between them.

For that whole book has practically nothing to do with Ralph Ingersoll the personality. From start to finish in these pages he is only a vehicle carrying the reader through the vast, complex, intensely human machinery of an army moving into battle. Ingersoll himself is an anonymity, "one-four-millionth or one-seven-millionth or one-eight-millionth part of the Army of the United States." He is the best salesman of that Army, the best teacher of its workings, that we have had in World War II. And in that anonymity Ralph Ingersoll has done his best work yet as a reporter and an author.

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It Can Happen Here

SEE WHAT I MEAN? By Lewis Browne. New York: Random House. 1943. 245 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IF you will compare "See What I Mean?" with "It Can't Happen Here" you will see just how far we have come toward a comprehension of American fascism. This is not because Mr. Browne is a keener or more brilliant observer than Mr. Lewis. The fact is that the times have conspired to educate us all; current history jogs Mr. Browne's elbow as he writes. Look closely and you will see that some of the figures in this novel, such as Clem Smullet, the demon press-agent who takes on the job of publicizing a Los Angeles Crusader with the same amoral, professional heartiness with which he would minister similarly to a bubble dancer (and is this not the logical reductio of art for art's sake, or "pure" science?), or Doc Gribble, an organizer, a booster, a business builder up a strange dark alley but following through—you will see that these two are indeed straight from Lewis's pages. The only reason they didn't come sooner is that the times weren't right for them. Lewis knew them well enough. What about Elmer Gantry, what about Gid Planish, wouldn't they, with just a tender moment of hesitation for the sake of appearance, have leaped happily into this set-up with Smullet and Gribble, their blood-brothers? The sense of frustration that hovers over them in their own books rises out of their never have completed their natural arcs.

But Browne isn't just completing Lewis's arc either. John Christian Power, the Los Angeles Jew-baiter and would-be fuehrer, and Captain Cleaver, the strong-arm man, are creatures Lewis didn't know at all. His Buzz Windrip seems now so amiable a fellow, just muddle-headed he was! The Power, as he is called, is a man you will find hauntingly familiar, you will think you know him, you will have seen his picture, read what he said. He is a composite of American Fascist leadership, spiced with and spouting the best imported poison. You have seen his tall, intense, lean figure standing with head raised and eyes fixed bitterly upon a future landscape as lonely as he, from which the people who do not love him have been swept and shot away. You have seen the fantastic and smutty pamphlets he distributes through and outside the mails, the public meetings at which his uniformed bullies in belts and guns stride the aisles, his parades of veiled women, his many newspapers, some

Lewis Browne

published in the very shadow of the Department of Justice Building, his isolationism before December 7, his obstructionism afterward, his widening chain of alliance that spreads across the country from Bund to radio priest to Senatorial crusader. Browne misses nothing and neglects nobody. They are all here, named and nailed down in simple, recognizable form. For this is Smullet squealing, caught, and turning state's evidence. When he tells, he tells all, see what he means?

One more comparison has to be made. Compare this now with Carlson's "Under Cover" and you will see how far we have still to go toward complete comprehension. Side by side with reality, the ingenuity of literary creation staggers and grows weak. If fascism were really staffed by such as Smullet and Gribble, even the mad Power and the brutal Cleaver, it would collapse at the first touch of authority, as surely as it does here in the too-happy climax of Browne's book. For his assumption, at the core, is too slick, and too good—it is not true. The assumption is that the real Fascists are mad, like the Power, or stupid, like Cleaver, and that the sane people, like the lusty and Lewisian Smullet and Gribble, are not really bad, they don't believe the stuff they sell, they'll quit in a minute if you give them a better job. But that's too easy—we're not that lucky. What if Fascists are sane, and smart, and bad, and know what they're doing, and like that better than anything else? Hitler may be mad, we don't know. That may be a pleasant and desirable theory. But Goebbels isn't. Himmler probably isn't. Is Coughlin mad? Would McWilliams like a better job, would that do it? Is Dennis a crackpot with obsessions? Is Gerald Smith stupid? Is General Mosely weak-minded? Does Mrs. Dilling need more money? Carlson's book is crowded with people who make Browne's characters look like cardboard figures, as Browne's did similarly to Lewis's. We have still that far to go.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATIONS

Printed below are 15 famous quotations from Shakespeare's plays. No doubt the lines will be exceedingly familiar to you, but can you name the character who speaks them? Allowing 6½ points for each correct answer, a score of 30 is par, 40 is very good, and 50 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 22.

1. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
   Her infinite variety.
2. All the world's a stage,
   And all the men and women merely players.
3. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
4. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
   To have a thankless child!
5. It is a wise father that knows his own child.
6. Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.
7. Neither a borrower nor a lender be.
8. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
9. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
10. Sweet are the uses of adversity.
11. The course of true love never did run smooth.
12. The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
13. The evil that men do lives after them;
    The good is oft interred with their bones.
14. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
    But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
15. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
    Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

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Giving the World a Home

CRUSADE FOR PAN-EUROPE: Autobiography of a Man and a Movement. By Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 318 *pp., index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

WILL there ever be a United States of Europe? Will Briand's dream of a continental league of nations, like Wilson's dream of a global league of nations, ever become reality? Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, founder of the Pan-Europe Movement, a true European who is also a distinguished Eurasian, believes that now, more than ever, the way to peace and sanity for his war-scarred, hate-seared continent lies along the path of federal union. This is his message, set down in an absorbing, provocative chronicle of his life and work. And he hazards the guess that the coming U.S.E. will be more socialistic than the U.S.A., more democratic than the U.S.S.R.

The great enemy, says Count Coudenhove, is aggressive nationalism carried to its most vicious degree by Nazism. He would fight this force with a tolerant nationalism that is, in effect, internationalism. How he came by his philosophy makes an exciting and exotic story of ancestry and personal education.

Few men are conscious of such international roots as Count Coudenhove. His father, a wealthy, brilliant aristocrat and diplomat of Franz Joseph's Austria-Hungary, gloried in his travels. He knew sixteen languages, including Hindustani. He had an Armenian valet, could discourse learnedly with Indian scholars. One day, while Ambassador at Tokyo, he married Mitsuko Aoyama. It was a tender, deep affection between "the young European with the skin like white marble" and his Japanese wife, a "smiling piece of ivory." But they were, writes their son, "as different as two creatures fallen from different planets."

Count Coudenhove's mother was brought up in a nation just emerging from feudalism. She learned to play the guitar and mandolin, walked to school with hands packed in two sacks of dry peas to give her fingers exercise and grace, was trained in all the other accomplishments of a Japanese gentlewoman. Richard Coudenhove was a baby when he and his parents began the long trip home to the family estate, Ronsperg, in Bohemia. There his father settled down to the life of a great landowner. There Richard grew up, guided by his courtly, Catholic parent, who believed in physical training, studied the lives of the saints, and held up Jules Verne's English gentleman, Phineas Fogg, as a model of character.

It was not only a Japanese mother and an Austrian father that made Richard Coudenhove so conscious of far-reaching racial roots. The Coudenhove-Kalergi tree, past and present, reached across Europe and beyond. In a fine page of writing, Count Coudenhove pictures himself as a boy sitting at his father's globe and tracing the family's astonishing international lines. When the father died, the sheltered Japanese mother, showing an unsuspected fibre of steel, took over the management of the estate, the upbringing of the children. Richard went to Vienna's Theresianum, the Eton of the Dual Monarchy. But his definitive education came during World War I. He did not serve in that conflict because of a lung affliction, but his restive, inquisitive mind weighed and studied it. At this point the autobiography of the man gives way to the autobiography of the idea.

Count Coudenhove is aware of a striking coincidence. About the time he, the Austrian aristocrat at Rensperg, had decided on a crusade for Pan-Europe, the Austrian Corporal Adolf Hitler, weeping on a hospital bed, had pledged himself to another kind of crusade. In 1923, a year before "Mein Kampf," Count Coudenhove wrote "Pan-Europe," circularized it at his own expense among leaders of thought and government, and thereby launched an ideological drive that he is still pressing from a professorship at New York University.

A good deal of Count Coudenhove's work since 1923 is familiar to those who have followed the swaying fortunes of the Pan-Europe Movement. Because of his social rank, Count Coudenhove could seek to implant his ideas at the top. He tells of the men he proselytized, and his pen portraits are sharp and searching—from rugged old Marsaryk of Czechoslovakia to light-hearted Dollfuss of Austria to Mussolini sitting at the distant desk in the endless Roman hall. One of the grandest victories of Pan-Europe was the winning of Aristide Briand, who became honorary president of the movement and, in memorable time, proposed a United States of Europe, before the League of Nations. Then Count Coudenhove's crusade seemed on the verge of success. But Briand died, and the dark tide of Nazism moved in.

Count Coudenhove believes that "the seed Briand sowed is growing under the snow of war." Ultimately Hitler's conquests forced him from his ancestral home in Czechoslovakia to exile in the United States, forced the headquarters of Pan-Europe from Vienna to Basle to New York.

In the light of Nazism and World War II, what are the broad outlines of Pan-Europe? Count Coudenhove believes, as he always has, that it must be a federal union, like the U.S.A., based on Hamilton's principle of a division of sovereignty between a State and its components. It would not include Russia: Count Coudenhove does not believe that Bolshevism can find a natural home in Pan-Eu-

—*Halsman*

Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 18

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 18 *will be found in the next issue.*

QANDXKE, BXYR SNKCDR NGAMDF N HNQCCW.—WRS BXYR KM FZCNSLRD KARXD FCTRDVBCMCF PRNBKA MS KAMFR KM PAMW XK XF FCDR MV LMXSO KAR BRNFK TMFFXGBR OMML.

PXBBXNW ANJBXKK— GCKKF MV LXVVRDRSK FMDKF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 17

HOWEVER SMALL THE OBJECT OF AN INJUSTICE MAY BE, THE INJUSTICE ITSELF MAY BE VERY GREAT.

IMMANUEL KANT, "PERPETUAL PEACE"

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rope. It would not include Britain, which has her own empire to tend. Tri-lingual Switzerland could be its ideal. Its chief federal duty would be that of keeping the peace between members. To insure against German trouble-makers, it would have the Reich cut into a number of states (with Prussia eliminated) and some non-German groups (Scandinavia, Iberia) banded together. Most important, it would have a Bill of Rights, guaranteeing democratic liberties, including the right to say what you want in the language you want. The U.S.E. would cultivate good neighbor relations with other great federations —the U.S.S.R., the British Commonwealth, Pan-America, and whatever new groups might arise in the Near East, India, and the Far East.

This is a brave vision of a brave world. Count Coudenhove does not see it in any ecstatic light. He is fundamentally optimistic, and realistically pessimistic. Most likely there will be bloody days of inter-continental, inter-ideological, and inter-racial war before mankind lives in peace. It may be utopian on his part, but he is sure that the bloody days can be averted if men can keep aggressive nationalism submerged.

Count Coudenhove's book is never dull, often brilliant, always touched with keen thought and wide information. Sometimes it gives the impression that it flows from the patrician's point of view, which is understandable. One feels that the Pan-Europe crusade lacks the touch of the common man, does not tend to reach down to the people. But there is more than a little to the technique of working from the top. Only last March, Winston Churchill, an old friend of Count Coudenhove, foresaw a "Council of Europe" that might help the quarrelsome continent and the world start a new page.

What the Once-Axis Once Said

THE AXIS ON THE AIR. By Harold Ettlinger. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 318 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

ONE day, while he was still Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill had his say on the Nazi radio:

> So far as the English-speaking public is concerned there could be no better propaganda than that served out by Goebbels . . . We must be very careful not to occupy the ether when he is speaking. Nothing that we could do could be half as beneficial as a nightly half hour from him . . . If anything happened to Herr Goebbels we should all regard it as disaster. His is a precious life and his voice belongs to mankind.

Churchill was in a joking mood that day. He naturally knew as a newspaper man and war correspondent what Nazi radio propaganda means and how seriously it must be taken. He put a good face upon a bad job and seized upon the only weapon allowed him, wit, and satire, which have often worked beneficent miracles.

Hitler began early to discuss the tasks and strategy of propaganda, for already in "Mein Kampf" he devoted more than twenty-one pages to its nature. To him it is a "most terrifying weapon." "The Axis on the Air" deals with that weapon, and especially with propaganda broadcast by Germany, Italy, and Japan to its own people, to its sympathizers, and to this country. Mr. Ettlinger tries to paint a *complete* picture of the war of words on the radio (which is hardly possible in 318 pages). He finds that Nazi methods of radio propaganda are well adapted to the modern psyche, and he tries to demonstrate that in the strategy of "divide and conquer," propaganda warfare has been the advance agent of destruction. In his "Radio Goes to War" Charles J. Rolo told the story of radio propaganda in this war up to the fall of 1941. Mr. Ettlinger's book, far less searching but more detailed and on a wider scope, though not as well organized, brings the story up to date. And he adds chapters on the "Voice of Japan," on the "Satellites," and on the battle of words between Berlin and Moscow.

Mr. Ettlinger is not concerned as much with an analysis of the strategy and tactics of radio propaganda as with the real facts of the political campaigns over the air. He lays emphasis on the fact that "some of the things that Hitler wants us to believe are the same things at which a section of our own press hammers in its obscurantist opposition to the administration and to the way the war is being conducted." His chapter on the "Freedom Stations" tells—for the first time, I think—the true story behind this most interesting sidelight of radio war. "Phony freedom stations continue to spring up in both Europe and Asia. It is giving away no military secret to say that we have used the device as well as the Nazis."

There are several observations in Mr. Ettlinger's book which this reviewer cannot underwrite. Lord Haw Haw, the Nazi ace radio propagandist, is not "a pretty good speaker," he is in fact the most cunning and most powerful speaker in the history of radio propaganda. The German theme "We are fighting for a just cause" does not get as much attention as it is entitled to. The role played by satire, humor, and drama in radio warfare is almost neglected. How German broadcasts aim to poison world opinion against the Jews is not stressed. The "pacifist attack" and "love attack" of Nazi radio warfare ("we always wanted peace," and "we do not hate our enemies we hate their leaders") are not underlined.

Mr. Ettlinger's book should be widely read even if we know that only after the war is over shall we know to what degree radio propaganda has contributed to the Nazi victories over Poland, France, and the Balkan countries, as well as to our own victories over Italy and eventually over the Nazis. Not until that time will it be widely realized that psychology can be a deadlier weapon than cannon.

—*From* PM *(New York)*

"Poor Goebbels! He is trying to find a new propaganda line for us."

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The "Re-education" of Italy

There May Be More to Italy Than Meets the Eye

STEPHEN NAFT

TO all the cheap and ignorant gibes against the Italian people the supreme insult is added by the grave debates of solemn would-be-statesmen about what to do with Italy and how to "educate Italy for democracy" after the war. We should, of course, not omit Italy in our plans for educating peoples for democracy, if we are going to do this for the Burmese, the Malayans, and the Zulus.

Some of these serious thinkers and political analysts were undoubtedly for so long idolaters of the *Weltanschaung* of castor oil and "trains running on time" that it did not occur to them that before Mussolini Italy was one of the most democratic nations in the world, not only in her institutions but also in the social life of the people. One third of all Italian municipalities had socialist administrations. Next to the Socialist Party, which had about 150 deputies in Parliament, the strongest party was Don Sturzo's democratic "Popular Party," which, though attached to the Catholic traditions, sponsored most of the reforms advocated by the Socialists. It was not a clerical party and its activities were occasionally disclaimed by the Pope. These two parties alone represented almost half of Italy's population.

Powerful coöperatives functioned throughout Italy. One of the largest shipping companies was a coöperative of the maritime workers union. Many hundred thousands of the workers and members of the middle classes belonged to industrial, housing, agricultural marketing, and insurance coöperatives. The freedom of the press was complete.

—*From the* Philadelphia Inquirer

"How to make friends and influence people."

Italy was well on the road to a free democratic coöperative commonwealth, with as little interference from the monarchy as in the Scandinavian countries. There was not a trace of anti-semitism, one of the first seeds of fascism, which lurked in almost all other countries long before Hitler.

Shortly before World War I, Italy's Prime Minister Luigi Luzzatti, the War Minister Zanardelli, the Minister of Foreign Affairs Sonino, and the Mayor of Rome, Nathan, were Jews, though there were less than 50,000 Jews among that country's forty million people. If this coincidence was ever mentioned at that time in Italy, it was only as a curiosity, as if, for instance, it would be mentioned in America should half the members of the United States Government be of Dutch origin.

An instance of democracy in social life may serve as an illustration. At that time I was employed in Rome in an international government institution. Called one day to the office telephone, I found to my surprise that Prime Minister Luzzatti himself was on the wire. He asked me to come over to his house to "render him a little service." (By the way, Professor Luzzatti did not discontinue his classes in political economy at the University of Rome during his incumbency as Premier.) The apartment house in which he lived had a self-service elevator. On the fourth floor I found the apartment marked Luzzatti. When I pressed the bell, the door was opened by the Prime Minister himself. He showed me a letter addressed to him and told me that, as nobody in the Foreign Office was able to recognize the script, he thought that I, as a linguist, perhaps might be able to assist them. It would be interesting to know whether it would be as easy to approach the fourth secretary of the third assistant of the Second Under-Secretary of Commerce in an Anglo-Saxon democracy.

From the period in Italy before the unification, a host of titles of its several independent states with place of nobility remained, in addition to those awarded by the Pope for "services to the Church" (pecuniary and otherwise). But though every "Count" from Albania or "Prince" from Azerbaijan, stupid as he may be, is, in America, besieged with invitations to the best houses and opportunities to marry the richest heiresses, nobody pays any attention to these titles in Italy. It often

—*From the* Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

"Honestly, Hermann—sometimes I feel certain Der Fuehrer is crazy."

happens that, working for months in the same office or printing plant, one by chance discovers that his colleague was a count or a marquess to whom it never occurred to mention this accident.

Two excellent and extremely timely books * have appeared which should be read particularly by those who speak of "educating Italy for democracy." The books, indeed, may contribute to educating these readers themselves for democracy. They will be reminded how the Anglo-Saxon democratic countries helped to buttress fascism in Italy when it was not yet firmly in the saddle, at a time when Italy's latent democracy would still have been able to overthrow Mussolini before it was too late. The authors of "What to Do with Italy" are counted among the most prominent contemporary historians. Gaetano Salvemini, who was Professor of History at the University of Florence, has been teaching at several universities in this country since his escape from fascist Italy in 1925. Professor LaPiana taught Church history at Harvard and is considered the greatest authority on this subject in the United States.

Apparently the book of these two Italian authors is being treated as badly as Italy itself. One cannot resist the impression that it is being gently silenced. First it had the disadvantage of being so extremely timely (it came out a few days before the overthrow of Mussolini) that many events predicted therein happened shortly after. Other pessimistic predictions were superseded by events

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**WHAT TO DO WITH ITALY. By Gaetano Salvemini and George La Piana. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1943. 301 pp. $2.75.*

THE FRUITS OF FASCISM. By Herbert L. Matthews. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 341 pp. $3.

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which surpassed the worst fears of the authors. These two facts may cause some to believe that it is out of date. To this reviewer it is a book of permanent historical value, which will never be out of date. It is precisely because of the historical section of the book that it had a rather cool reception. It tells too many disagreeable truths.

It tells how the boundless enthusiasm of almost the whole American press for Mussolini's "New Order,"—how the speeches and lectures of bankers and professors and ambassadors and our leading citizens,—and our loans at the rate of $200,000,000—put fascism on a firm basis in Italy, and then stimulated imitation in other countries. Could there be greater encouragement for imitation than admiration and praise and financial help from the two richest countries of the world?

The Italians never had great enthusiasm for fascism, as appeared from the jubilation all over Italy when Mussolini was overthrown. But in America even now there are still some who are convinced that the only bad thing about fascism is that Mussolini joined Hitler instead of us. Was not this opinion frankly expressed after Pearl Harbor and after Mussolini's declaration of war against us by our reputedly most beautiful legislator in Washington, who is endowed with a "globalony" knowledge of foreign affairs?

Even the suggestions of the authors about what to do with the criminal gang who caused untold disaster to Italy and indirectly to the world, will not meet with general approval. We are too softhearted when it comes to judge those above. Our callousness is reserved for those on the bottom.

A NOT less competent but quite different book is that of Herbert Matthews. While the authors of "What to Do with Italy" were mainly concerned with the external factors which contributed to the rise and success of fascism, and our present attitude toward fascism and Italy, Matthews's book presents a historical, social, and economic analysis of the growth and the results of fascism in Italy from its very beginning to its inevitable end. The two books not only do not overlap but complement each other exceedingly well.

Herbert Matthews lived for so many years in Italy, part of the time as head of *The New York Times* Rome bureau, that he came to consider that country as his second home. It was his home during the Fascist regime, where, protected by the American flag and the semi-diplomatic status of foreign correspondents, he could live in comfort and safety at least until Mussolini's declaration of war on the United States. He did not have to flee from his country like the authors of the other book. It is therefore comprehensible that he is less bitter and recriminating, and that to American readers, to whom fascism was only just another foreign political system, his book may appear more serene and historical. Sometimes he leans so far backward—to be fair to the Fascists, of whom he once, as he admits, was "an enthusiastic admirer"—that the impression is rather disconcerting to those who would never condone destruction of liberty.

Though he is now bitterly opposed to fascism and all its results, he nevertheless calls "genuine revolutionists" the knights of the "manganello" and castor oil, who, during the struggle for the advent of fascism, burned the houses of coöperatives and trade unions and killed thousands of socialists, liberals, and trade unionists.

His impartiality goes so far that he finds expressions of praise for certain accomplishments of the regime, and he even suggests that fascism would not have been so bad for Italy if it had stayed at home . . . which again is in flagrant contradiction with the main thesis of his book, that fascism inevitably must lead to disastrous foreign adventures. In spite of all this it is an excellent, informative, and extremely honest book. It is perhaps because of this wish to be perfectly fair that such apparent contradictions occur.

Matthews analyzes all the political and social factors which brought about the advent of fascism. He shows the guilt of the Socialists, who, at the time when Italy was ripe for socialism, had not the courage to act. He quotes the Anarchist writer Luigi Fabbri, who said:

> It seemed as if the Italian proletariat was awaiting the renewal of the miracle of Jericho; that the bourgeois Bastille, the capitalist State, should crumble only at the sound of revolutionary hymns and the waving of the red flag.

While the activities of the Socialists were limited to voting and singing revolutionary hymns (which are very beautiful and melodious indeed) the Fascists acted. Matthews writes: "No distinctions were made; violence was used against all. Among the dead workers were Catholics and Anarchists, republicans and Socialists, Communists and reformists, or just workers of no particular persuasion."

It seems that only the role of the Fascist legions in Spain during the Civil War shook him out of his Olympian impartiality behooving a *Times* correspondent. That his conversion was complete appears from the moving words he wrote about the struggle of the Spanish people against fascism:

> That was one of the things for which history must forever be grateful to the Spanish people. They fought our fight, while we and England and France were appeasing the Axis. The glory was theirs and the shams ours, and nothing will ever wipe one or the other off the slate of history.

Matthews recalls a typical Mussolinian phrase, most appropriate for the characterization of fascism. It appeared in Mussolini's *Popolo d'Italia* after the famous "stab in the back" of prostrate France: "Compassion is the negation of fascism."

These words should be remembered in the final reckoning.

U. S. soldier brings news to Italians in Sicily.

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Furious Thoughts of the Peace

"MEET MR. BLANK." By R. G. Waldeck. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons. 1943. 179 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GUSTAV STOLPER

THE trouble with reviewing books like this of Mrs. Waldeck is that one does not know exactly whether they are meant to be pleasant jokes. Possibly the author, in the twilight of her personality, has not the answer herself. The subject of the book is serious enough: with whom, in a defeated Germany, will the Allies be able to make peace? It is a sensible and amusing idea to put on a parade of possible and impossible candidates. And the book has many sensible and amusing remarks to its credit. But the parade which Mrs. Waldeck stages for us is a Hollywood product with such defects of taste and knowledge that it rather obfuscates than enlightens the mind of the reader.

The Mr. Blank of the future peace must not be a "nice German," but "a strong fellow and an extremely capable one." The "nice German" with whom the Allies dealt in 1918 was Matthias Erzberger who is introduced as a sort of unhappy clown. This man who fell as one of the first victims of Nazi fury was actually one of the bravest and strongest fighters of German democracy. As early as 1916 he forced the Imperial Government to the conciliatory gesture of a peace offer, and in the fateful first years of the Weimar Republic as Finance Minister he was responsible for the most vigorous attempt to stem the tides of inflation. What Mrs. Waldeck decrees "we" must not do again (who is "we"?) is to deal with the Erzbergers. They "are not representative of the German people. They cannot speak for them." Yet in the freest elections held by any people Germany backed the three democratic parties in 1919 and 1920 by a more than eighty per cent majority. If these spokesmen were not representative, the word has obviously no meaning at all. How fortunate would the world be if after the collapse of the Hitler regime there were any men in Germany as representative as the early leaders of the Weimar regime.

But who will Mr. Blank be in Mrs. Waldeck's opinion? Her pageant is led by the Hohenzollerns, and her candidate for emperor is Prince Louis Ferdinand who for a time worked for Henry Ford and who has "sex appeal." Then come the generals. Among them the palm goes to Erwin Rommel. About the moral and intellectual virtues of the German officers' corps she waxes almost lyrical. But there is no general alive who is not an accomplice in the beastly crimes of this abominable phase of German history. The generals who objected were either murdered or have disappeared mysteriously. Schleicher, Bredow, Hammerstein, Groener, Fritzsch, Beck, and many others. Of the bureaucrats only two are presented as typical: Dr. Gauss, the legal adviser of the Foreign Office, and Dr. Clodius, who negotiates the German trade agreements. But Gauss never had or sought any influence on policy making, and Clodius is a specialist. The German bureaucracy on the whole is undoubtedly deeply demoralized and corrupted by ten years of Hitlerism.

Then come the industrialists, represented by the inevitable legendary Thyssen. This legend survives by sheer repetition. Fritz Thyssen's autobiography, which was published in America by the title of "I Paid Hitler," offers the definite proof that he never paid Hitler; but who cares? The Vereinigte Stahlwerke of which he was titular chairman is called "the largest mining trust in the world" (poor United States Steel Corporation!) and Thyssen's creation, which is simply not true. Of the real structure of Germany industry Mrs. Waldeck has obviously but rather a dim notion. To her, German industrialists are "fundamentally stupid men, lacking in political foresight and in standards of conduct," which is sweeping enough. But Mr. Blank will be no German businessman anyway. He will not be a socialist labor leader either.

Of the refugee politicians Mrs. Waldeck believes in only two, both at present in Canada. One is Dr. Spieker, the former Reich's Press Chief, belonging to the Catholic Center Party, a man whom one would like to see in a postwar government, but who scarcely could be taken as *the* spokesman of the German people. The other, most shockingly, is Otto Strasser, to whom she devotes five pages and whom she describes as an important German leader, which is simply grotesque. For the existence of any following in Germany for that charlatan there is not a shadow of evidence except his own allegations, and if the following existed it would be found in the most rabid and bloodthirsty wing of the Nazis.

The issue of German communism is of such paramount importance that it would have deserved more than the few intelligent pages the book has to offer. The close coöperation and the old ideological ties between Nazism and German communism require a more explicit and detailed analysis. There is a strong possibility, according to Mrs. Waldeck, that Germany the morning after Hitler may go communist. But her real candidates for the role of peacemaker are either a German Fouché or a German Talleyrand. For the first she recommends with ill-concealed sympathy Hermann Goering, who is pictured as a sort of bon-vivant who apparently did the wholesale butchering just for fun because he has, after all, "no convictions," and though he perpetrates atrocities second only to Himmler's, and indulges in oratorical excesses second to none, he is said to have "paid only lip service to Hitler's antisemitic policies." But above all, there is Talleyrand-Hjalmar Schacht, of whom she knows that "he knows that the world considers him the smartest man in Europe." She does not tell us who "the world" is of which she speaks. The biographical sketch of Hjalmar Schacht to which we are treated is full of factual mistakes. There is not a single word in this book mentioning the possibility of an occupation of Germany by Allied armies and of the particular influence such a minor factor might have on the future of the German regime. But speculations of this sort might have disturbed the Hollywood parade.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 499)

THE NEW YORK TIMES:
EDITORIAL
(DENMARK VICTORIOUS—
SEPT. 1, 1943)

The Nazis took Denmark. . . . Contemptuous, superior, correct, the Danes kept their unwelcome guests at arm's length for over three years. . . . In form the Danish government collapsed. . . . In spirit it took on immortality.

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AFTER THE FIRST NOVEL

IN the last issue of *The Saturday Review*, four of the year's leading first novelists—Laura Hobson, Helen Howe, Bucklin Moon, and Betty Smith—considered the effect of criticism on their approach to novel writing. A least common denominator of their remarks seems to show a balanced and mature attitude toward literary criticism. As a group, they did not believe that, if they were to write the same novels again today, they would make radical changes—with the exception, of course, of such changes as might reflect the additional experiences accumulated in the sheer act of living and observing since their novels were completed.

The impression they gave was not that they were disdainful or oblivious of criticism—indeed, there was a humility and a consciousness of the problems of expression and developments that should cause the critics themselves to ponder again their own responsibilities—but that they realized that the function of good criticism is to stimulate and not to dictate. Unless the author himself has a firm grasp of his ideas and a highly developed sense of purpose he stands in danger of being buffeted about by the first critical wind that comes along. The author himself must resolve all the arguments; only he can decide whether he was right in doing as he did or as he proposes next to do. His job is to be a critic of the critics—to weed out the extraneous and the immaterial in the search for the criticism that cuts through to the essential points. He can recognize better than anyone else the valid criticism when he sees it; if he is worth his salt as a writer, he will absorb it in proper proportion into the broad outlines of his craft. But he will not be stampeded; he will not lose his own faculties of self-appraisal; he will not try to make of himself something he is not just because he believes that that is the way to approbation. The critic cannot write an author's novel for him; all he can do is to evaluate—and that is difficult enough.

Perhaps most interesting about the symposium of the first novelists was that all of them said or indicated that they were now at work on new books. And each of them seemed to recognize that in his second book lay the real test of his worth. The first book is generally more autobiographical than creative; usually it represents an overflow of welled-up experiences that can only find their outlet in fictional form. How many times have we seen full and rich first novels create literary sensations, with the promise of an unfolding harvest of literary plenty, only to discover that the first novel represented the be-all and end-all. Once the personal narrative was exhausted, so was the author. He had neither creative imagination nor new experiences to fall back upon. Nor was he able to project himself into the experiences of others.

Some authors, of course, write out of wells of experience so deep that it is impossible for any book or any shelf of books to deplete the personal narrative. Tom Wolfe not only was unable to keep pace with the fabulous material yielded up by his own life; even in the act of writing he opened up new gushers which he could only hope he would some day be able to trap. Dos Passos, too, has written out of a vast personal store, keeping himself in the main currents, making himself an active part of what is after all a continuing story. The novelist who can do this need never fear a literary famine or stoppage.

The successful first novelist has our sympathy. He has yet to prove himself and he has to resist all sorts of byways or side streets, some of which may be very attractively paved. He can, as some of his illustrious contemporaries have been doing, write books that are actually moving-picture scripts—manuscripts that are acceptable enough and that can get by as books, but which will leave him all dressed up with no place to go as a novelist. One of the distinguishing and discouraging characteristics of too many novels of the last ten years is an almost eloquent obedience to the Hollywood formula—plenty of story, plenty of action, plenty of plot and suspense, with a proportionate dearth of mood and substance. The rewards are high for those writers who know how to make the formula work, and if that is their measure of success then they are to be congratulated upon their good fortune. But this is not the yardstick by which you can measure the development of good writing—using "good" not in the arbitrary sense but in the sense of independent and mature achievement.

Another pitfall of the first novelist is repetition. Having hit the bull's eye once with a certain type of novel, there is always the temptation to try again with an almost identical commodity emphasizing the qualities or characteristics that seemed to have provoked the greatest approval the first time. It doesn't always work. Sometimes those very qualities now seem stale, badly overworked. When the young Carson McCullers published her first book, "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter," her readers were enchanted by the strange, indefinable mood; the fascinating excursion into endless shadows. And yet, with her second book, "Reflections in a Golden Eye," we find a heightening or intensification of those same qualities to the detriment of the book. One step further along the same road seemed to change everything; the shadows became mere recesses of neurotica.

But to talk about the problems of a first novelist is to launch a new encyclopedia, with new additions becoming almost mandatory with each new novel. And by far the largest number of these problems the novelist must work out for himself. Our only advice is this: keep your eyes open and be yourself.

N. C.

The Concrete Trap

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

THE fox at midnight in the city square
Knows there's a way, but knows not which it is,
A path that leads to fields and woods and lair,
Leaves underfoot, earth and the stirring air.
Bewildered stands the fox, too many streets
Lead off too many ways, yet there is one
Leads to the woods and to tomorrow's sun.
Under street lamps, between the straight house walls,
Hard, geometric, baffling nose and eyes,
Escape is there for him to recognize.
Bewildered stands the fox questing the way
And in the yards the dogs begin to bay.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Richards on B. E.

The following letter is by the founder, with C. K. Ogden, of Basic English.

SIR: Misunderstandings are inevitable when anything so novel as Basic English comes under discussion. Perhaps a few comments on points raised in your recent symposium, "What Can We Use for a World Language?" may help to reduce them. I will try to confine myself to those points of real importance on which disagreement seems to be due primarily to misapprehension. First may come Mr. Fry's classification of Basic as a formal type of Pidgin language. This cannot be sustained, if indeed it is intended seriously and not merely as playful abuse. All Pidgins involve great deviations from their parent tongues. Basic does not. Its pronunciation and formal structure are normal—though of course it is a selection only from English. And when Mr Fry denies that Basic English is a "going concern" he clearly does not know that Basic has been learned by many tens of thousands. Most of them of course have gone on beyond Basic to a considerable knowledge of the rest of English, but they went there through Basic. Points, these, for his Linguistic Census perhaps—in which formidable undertaking I wish him all success.

He is under-informed, too, on another point. The West Bulletin of 1934 which he believes so "thoroughly and ably damned" Basic, was withdrawn by its author as erroneous and misleading. Of "Counter-Offensive," C. K. Ogden's conclusive commentary on that "Critical Examination," no less a judge than Jespersen wrote that he had never seen anything more effective. I have a copy for Mr. Fry's use if he wishes to acquaint himself with some facts.

Much more important is the point about frequency as the ruling criterion for the admission of words and constructions into a limited form of a language—limited as any first-year course, for example, must be. Mr. Fry, with a prevalent school of thought, assumes that "Effective procedure must be to select the most common words and grammatical features." The distinctive thing about Ogden's work has been that it puts utility, covering-power, and regularity before frequency—while making, of course, full use of frequency findings wherever these are relevant. Let us give the learner first those words and constructions which will do most for him and be least confusing to him. That is the principle of Basic. In actual fact, for the most important words—the key words of English—frequency and utility coincide. But it is their usefulness which makes them so frequent, not the other way about.

"He's our proof reader!"

Ogden, in brief, put the horse before the cart and the outcome was Basic English.

Mr. Jacques Barzun finds several contradictions among the aims of Basic—between Basic as a limited idiom made easy for the foreigner and as "a mere gateway to full English," for example. I cannot approve of that "mere." Let all who will and can do it, go right on into full English, the further the better. But let us give those of limited powers and opportunity a minimum outfit of English which will do as much as possible for them.

I wish Mr. Barzun would experiment a little with the writing of Basic. He would soon find that his idea that "to obtain Basic we reduce abstract to concrete" is upside down. In Basic we commonly replace a specific concrete name by a description in abstract general words. For an example, Basic lacking the word *canary* as not generally useful enough, might say, "a small yellow bird frequently kept in the house for its sweet song." That seems roundabout and it is easy to make good fun out of such examples. But the description does enable the learner to find out what canaries are called and append the word if he wants it to his vocabulary. On the circumlocution point there is this to be added. I am glad Mr. Barzun himself finds this "a delightful challenge" but to the foreign student of Basic there is no "torment." Not yet knowing any further English, he makes a maximum use of what he knows already and is happy to find that it works. Or he looks up the missing words in his "General Basic Dictionary" and gets a double lesson—exercising his established vocabulary while he extends it. Mr. Barzun "finds no evidence that it is possible to write Basic and say what you mean without first knowing English thoroughly." By now he will have read Mme. Litvinoff. Experience has now shown that this theoretical doubt is unfounded. As to initial difficulty, everything depends on what selections of a language are presented in what order and how. A chief aim in the design of Basic was to make it easier to teach than any other selection of English.

One point in Mr. Thorp's contribution seems to need a word—the presumption he detects that a good writer in Basic could beat almost anyone but Shakespeare. The explanation may be this. In exploring the elucidatory powers of Basic we have often taken bits of bad writing. If a Basic version is an improvement, a note of pride is hard to avoid. But Basic has never aspired to better the best! In "doing over" the Bible and "Julius Caesar" we have had our eye on the many foreign students who badly need the help a Basic version we find, in fact, can give them.

With Mme. Litvinoff's and Mr. Friedrich's reserves on the advocacy of Basic as an "international" or "universal" language I am in sympathy.

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These terms can too easily carry an implication that other languages are to be neglected. By all means let the teaching of all the major languages be improved and extended. Time saved in learning English through Basic is time freed for them. But we are faced with an immediate need for better world communications. The air-age is pressing them upon us. We must do what we can with the available instrument. I am delighted that Mme. Litvinoff finds it "polished." And when nearly all the nations on earth have already given English priority over other foreign languages in their schools, I do not see why Mr. Churchill's support for a means of making its study less onerous to them should be thought to be "intellectual imperialism."

I. A. RICHARDS.

Cambridge, Mass.

Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris

SIR: Your Mr. Bennett Cerf does Mr. Bernard Shaw a very grave injustice by stating that in an *"uncharacteristic* burst of generosity" the latter edited Frank Harris's biography of himself. No man in English letters has been more consistently and universally kind to those in need than Shaw. Every author to whom I mentioned his name while in England had some story of his generosity. When W. H. Davies sent a copy of his first volume of poems to Bernard Shaw, with a letter asking for half a crown or the book in return, he was totally unknown. Shaw purchased a dozen copies, praised Davies for a plan that was "attractively simple and sensible," and told him to send them to critics, "wondering if they would recognize a poet when they met one." Later, when he learned that Davies was actually in want, Shaw broke his rule against writing introductions and did one for "The Autobiography of the Super-Tramp." When a purse was being made for the late poet Edward Thomas, killed in World War I, the largest donation was anonymous and had no strings attached to it. Need I say the donor was Bernard Shaw? Anyone who recalls the numerous debates between Shaw and Chesterton would not term the latter a biased witness. Yet in her just published biography, Maisie Ward quotes Chesterton as saying, "Shaw is a man of unusual generosity." I could cite hundreds of other instances, such as Shaw's contribution to the William Watson fund, but I feel confident the above is enough.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Groves, Missouri.

Mr. Barnes Replies

SIR: Happy days are here again! Your issue of October 2 seems like the good old times all over again. I have had a number of honors bestowed upon me in the past, but surely none more notable than the blast by Messrs. Brown, Commager, Van Doren, Fadiman, and Shirer, and Rex Stout.

The six signers contend that events have discredited both my scholarship and my sense. But a little reflection would convince even them that *events* do not confirm or discredit scholarship.

Let my antagonists lay off their glittering generalities, card-stacking, and the argument *ad hominem* and get down to specific facts. Even in these times, when they can battle against me with loaded dice and horseshoes in their boxing-gloves, I will gladly and readily take on all six of them with one hand tied behind my back.

I should like to inquire by virtue of what these six men assume to speak for "America and all Americans"? And what do they know about "the settled opinions of nearly all reputable American historians" on European intellectual, military, and diplomatic history?

The sextuplets make sinister insinuations about my "record." I will stand by my record without flinching. At least it is consistent within itself and consistent with the facts, which is more than any one of the six can say of his "record."

The signers assert that they rubbed their eyes until they popped over several of my statements—the only ones they cite. Well, if this is the case, it is high time that they rubbed their eyes. Indeed, they should continue rubbing until they get them open wide enough to read a few books on the subject with which they assume to deal so pontificially and with such dogmatic finality.

First, as to Germany's being "sandwiched in between powerful enemies and being frequently invaded by them," we may naturally assume that even Rex Stout has completed a fifth-grade course in geography and a grammar-school course in world history.

Second, as to my assertion that Treitschke and German historians of his stripe were never accorded much respect by their academic colleagues, let the signers of the eat-em-alive manifesto busy themselves for an evening with the work of the eminent English historian, George Peabody Gooch, on "History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century," pp. 147ff. Gooch makes it clear that Treitschke and his like stood at the opposite pole from Leopold von Ranke and the scholarly tradition in German historiography. Incidentally, he says that Treitschke's work was the "nearest equivalent" in all Continental historical writing to Macaulay's "History of England." A similar opinion is expressed in both James Westfall Thompson's "History of Historical Writing" and in Edouard Fueter's "History of Modern Historiography." Both Thompson and Fueter also agree that Treitschke's influence on German historical writing was slight.

Third, as to my statement that Germany, and even Prussia, "rank very low among the great nations of the world in warlike activities and proclivities throughout history," let me quote from Pitrim Sorokin's "Social and Cultural Dynamics," Vol. III, u. 352: After a careful survey of wars, covering the period from 1100 to 1925, Sorokin concludes: "Germany *has* had the smallest (28) and Spain the largest (67) per cent of years with war, the other countries occupying various positions between the two."

In his monumental "A Study of War," Vol. I, p. 221, Quincy Wright states: "Of the 278 wars involving European states during this period (1480-1940),

"He's in that in-between age—too old to be a Quiz Kid and too young for Information Please!"

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the percentage of participation by principal states was: England, 28; France, 26; Spain, 23; Russia, 22; Austria, 19; Turkey, 15; Poland, 11; Italy, 9; Sweden, 9; Netherlands, 8; Prussia, 8; Denmark, 7." What have the quintuplets to say of this? Surely neither Sorokin nor Wright can be accused by even the most starry-eyed of any pro-German sympathies.

As to the fantastic charge that I am carrying on any "propaganda for the enemy," let me say that I was warning of the rise of Hitler or his like for many years before any of the sextuplets raised his hand or voice in that quarter. For my writings on Hitler and the Nazis I have been called a "traitor" by no less than the grandson of Leopold von Ranke. I will close by quoting the last paragraph from my original letter, which was left out of the printed communication:

"The effort to shift war guilt from the Nazis to the German people is not only foolish and an affront to elementary historical knowledge. It is also quasi-seditious, in that it confuses our war aims and distracts attention from the real enemy."

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

SIR: Both Harry Elmer Barnes and the sextet of Brown, Commager, Van Doren, Fadiman, Shirer, and Stout commit errors in their dispute about the curability of Germany. Julie Meyer exhibits less of the paranoiac trait.

Barnes twists his history to suit his vast work of investigation into the question of guilt for World War I. The sextet fails to edify its readers, when, instead of deploring the use of space which was consumed, it should have enlightened the readers by exposing the glaring errors of Barnes, who seems to be acting the part of agent-provacateur in the dialectical dispute. Between these two attitudes there is a marked tendency to throw readers into an "either" Mr. Brickner is totally right "or" completely wrong.

Of Heinrich von Treitschke, the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" (14 Edition) says, "—Treitschke did more than any one to mould the minds of the rising generation, and he carried them with him even in his violent attacks on all opinions and all parties which appeared in any way to be injurious to the rising power of Germany.—As an historian, Treitschke confined himself to those periods and characters in which great political problems were being worked out: above all he was a patriotic historian, and he never wandered far from Prussia—."

H. A. L. Fisher, whose death a few years ago was a distinct loss to the writing of accurate and readable history, characterizes Treitschke as the "most influential of historical professors and publicists" ("History of Europe," Vol. III, p. 1027). Furthermore, Treitschke's ideas centered on the principle that—"Rome (Germany) would wrest the trident from Carthage (England)—." Among German-Americans of liberal antecedents, the German historian, if he may be so classified, was regarded as a singularly fanatical person.

Furthermore, our most elementary textbooks indicate the German military preparation, dating from Napoleon's day. Stein, Hardenberg, and Clausewitz, for purposes of national unity, perpetuated and stimulated what Frederick the Great had deemed necessary, Moltke and Roon furthered the principle of military necessity for Germany that had been nurtured in old Prussia. Since the Napoleonic War of Liberation, it has been the consistently successful practice of Germany to carry war to other peoples' territory. Whatever the justice of the case might have been in the past, German military potency and industrial efficiency are a real world problem. Particularly is it so when they are carried on by leaders of a barbarous decadent type, hopelessly remiss in learning the lessons of history.

For Barnes to deny the "facts of life" by employing a subtle system of analogy (World War II with World War I) is to exhibit a distinctly sophomoric tendency. It is anti-intellectual and does not show an intent to use history as a vehicle for purveying established facts. If he must do this, let him use imaginative literature as his genre. The possibilities of comparison are inherent in every situation. But they are indeed invidious. The clear mind seeks the subtle nuances that give freshness to a viewpoint. I fear that Mr. Barnes is becoming cynical.

Julie Meyer has done a constructive job. Deeply rooted in the German character, as in all other national groups, are the elements of a decent world outlook. Also imbedded there is the impulse to irrational behavior. Goethe and Lessing exhibited the former, Hitler's hoodlums are of the same pattern as a Detroit mob. It is not merely a matter of how many, but one also of what influence do they carry. It is more than certain that thoughtful people throughout the world are beginning to realize what the history books have long told us, namely, that great scope of territory carries with it a penalty and very few blessings for those who live in it. That nation is singularly fortunate when the processes of time so coincide that management becomes commensurate with area.

One cannot agree with Barnes's carefully hidden impulse to exonerate the German people, and thereby the Nazis, nor with Mr. Brickner's ridiculous conception of a huge clinic. Political science, in the rudiments of which Brickner is woefully lacking, contains two fundamental precepts. First, a military conflict must be terminated by the military despite all the tragedy which this may involve. Second, a nation's internal destiny must be determined from within its own "warp and woof." When these rules are violated we adopt the illegitimate gangster methods which all thinking people condemn.

We could do with less of maudlin sentimentality and more of sanity devoid of asperity for the processes of time. Just as we despise Mahomet Hitler and all his works, let us be on guard against incipient American crusaders who fail to realize that all Hell is paved with good intentions.

WILLARD BENNINGER.

Paterson, N. J.

Struthers Burt and Georg Mann

SIR: We Americans welcome all foreigners and their enrichment of our lives; but, really, some of them, such as Georg Mann and the other successors of the English lecturer who not so long ago told us off, are too amusing, for they have learned a lingo and speak with superficial urbanity of Old Nassau and the maiden aunts from Philadelphia, though they have no real understanding of either. Not that I did not think Struthers Burt's article on Germany rather sophomoric, but the tenor of Mann's reply is grating.

Though they are unaware of it, many European refugees are incredibly provincial themselves, and yet they call us provincial when we find something praiseworthy in the land that has made a rebirth possible for them. With a typically Teutonic lack of humor, Mann cannot see that Burt is having a lot of fun; and with Teutonic thoroughness he believes that Burt should not have expressed his feelings about Germans without including an appendix on what the Germans thought of him. (I don't want to be any more formal than Mr. Mann, but incidentally isn't his devatating sarcasm on American fraternities grasping convulsively at the culture of the Greeks the same sort of thing he found so hateful in Burt's remarks on the "Schwabisher" Verein? And should not the gifted refugee feel a responsibility both toward his non-vocal fellow and his adopted land?)

Mann notifies us that the war is being fought against the comforting delusion that foreigners are at best second- or third-rate citizens, professionally fitted only for the livelier sections of the side-shows. That is, he comes close to admitting what so many of these fellows believe, that every foreigner, no matter how third-rate his European past, is entitled to land in the center of our main ring.

Like Struthers Burt I shall end without discussing Wagner, which Mann again may find inexplicable.

C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

Brown University, R. I.

L'Envoi

SIR:

If you stopped printing further correspondence
On whether Germany is or isn't incurable,
Life would be more endurable.

MELVILLE CANE.

New York, N. Y.

[*Editor's Note: Most of the letters now being received pertain to the "Incurable" controversy. Show of hands, please. Shall we put through a cease-and-desist order?*]

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TRADE Winds

ENTRANCED BROADWAYITES thought that they were in for the greatest literary imbroglio since the famous case of Hemingway *vs.* Eastman, when Burton Rascoe, currently essaying the role of drama critic for *The World-Telegram,* let go with both barrels against his august confrère, George Jean Nathan. The occasion was the publication of Mr. Nathan's "Theatre Book of the Year: 1942-1943," a legitimate and understandable attempt to muscle in on prosperous territory formerly monopolized by Burns Mantle. Mr. Rascoe liked neither what Mr. Nathan put into the book nor what he left out, took a couple of roundhouse punches at the style and the jacket blurb, and concluded with a lethal paragraph that would have been more effective had it not been a complete misstatement of fact. Mr. Nathan is no stranger to a poison pen himself, and the literati looked forward to the fray in much the same mood that the Chamberlain Government envisaged a conflict between Russia and Germany—and with about equal good wishes for either contestant. People wondered only how Mr. Nathan would manage to insert his weekly plugs for William Saroyan and Sean O'Casey into a philippic against Burton Rascoe. Mr. Nathan, however, disappointed the customers by flatly refusing to play. "I never answer attacks by columnists," he squelched. Some applauded his Olympian detachment. Others deduced that he couldn't think of anything to say. The gallery reluctantly dispersed. . . .

IN CASE THE DETAILS of the Hemingway-Eastman fracas have escaped your memory, that highly publicized combat took place a little more than a decade ago. Hemingway had just written "Death in the Afternoon." Mr.

Eastman referred to him in a magazine article as the leading exponent of the "false-hair-on-the-chest" school of writing, not suspecting that he would bump squarely into the gentleman in the Scribner offices a few days after the piece appeared. Mr. Hemingway rose to his feet. Mr. Eastman did not know what the look in his eye portended, but he had a rough idea. There are four authentic eye-witness accounts of what happened next, all of them completely different. Eastman scored a technical victory by getting his version into print first. He contacted a *World-Telegram* reporter faster than a Simon and Schuster publication gets onto a Gallup Poll list of possibilities for the People's Book Club. His story did not impress anybody who had ever watched Hemingway work out in a gymnasium. Such cognoscenti figured that if Ernest had ever landed one punch on the willowy Max's epiglottis, there would have been no enjoyment of laughter for the Eastman family for the next six months. . . . Ernest's wife, incidentally, the talented Martha Gellhorn, has come to town to deliver the manuscript of her new novel to Scribner's. Originally it bore the title of "Liana," but there is some talk of renaming it "Share of Night, Share of Morning." I hear that it is a certain best-seller. The Theatre Guild is toying with the idea of having it dramatized forthwith. . . .

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON has signed a contract to write a book on the Golden Gate country for the American Folkway series. It's rather inspiring to see her still in there pitching. When she swept back to the best-seller class with that prize concoction of pseudo-scientific hogwash, "Black Oxen," some critics were already asking "Good heavens, is Gertrude Atherton *still* writing books?" That was exactly twenty years ago! . . . No decision yet on who will replace Kip Fadiman as book reviewer for *The New Yorker.* Harold Ross is reported to be wavering between a couple of glib newspaper critics and a more esoteric observer from university realms. The job is the most highly-prized of its kind in the country. . . . The most unexpected flop of the season is "Prefaces to Peace," a symposium by Willkie, Hoover, Gibson, Wallace, and Welles. Customers seem to feel they've heard that tune before. Overstocked jobbers have four different publishers' shoulders to cry on, but so far all they've gotten is sympathy. . . . Equally unexpected, and heartening to true connoisseurs, is the resounding success of Oxford don Lewis's "Screwtape Letters," the correspondence between a devil in hell and one of his earthbound advocates. Published by Macmillan last April without fanfare, this book is now in a tenth edition, and destined for a long, long life. . . . Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Collected Lyrics" will be published in a few days by Harper's, in an edition uniform with her "Collected Sonnets." . . .

THE SELECTION of Jesse Stuart's "Taps for Private Tussie" as the December Book-of-the-Month is another evidence of the amazing renascence of the House of Dutton, already swamped with business on "Under Cover." (The Carlson book, number one on all non-fiction best seller lists, and over the 300,000 mark in sales, still is not handled by the two biggest book jobbers in the country!) . . . Dutton's, flushed with triumph, have taken to sending out their press notices by special delivery, and will probably continue to do so until some irate reviewer, pulled out of bed at two in the morning by a notification that a

new printing of "Under Cover" has gone to press, invades the Dutton premises with a baseball bat in his hands. . . . Another Dutton move is the acquisition of a talented and orchidaceous Hollywood talent scout. She is Virginia Schulberg, wife of the author of "What Makes Sammy Run." Ring Lardner, Jr., describes her as "a triple-threat editor, who can not only read and write, but do simple sums with the aid of counting beads. . . . her ability to read manuscripts on horseback and on skis marks a notable advance over the static approach of the ordinary editor. . . . anyone who has ever heard her talk about her dachshund, Fredy, and her cat, Jackson, knows that it is an experience he will probably go through again." . . . Mrs. Schulberg will be responsible for contacting Dutton authors as far east as Denver. Trade Winds wishes her good hunting. . . .

FROM DAVID NIVEN in London comes the story of the RAF pilot who made a forced landing in Belgium and was rescued by a nun. She shepherded him into her convent, handed him a complete set of nun's accoutrements, and counselled "Lie low. Say nothing. Be as inconspicuous as possible. Sooner or later we will find a way to spirit you back to England." For eight weeks the pilot spoke to no one, shaved eight times a day, was a model convent habitant. One evening, however, he spied a beautiful young sister alone in the pantry, and on a sudden but irresistible impulse, swept her into his arms. A moment later he was reeling from a terrific sock on the jaw. "'Ere, 'ere, you rum bloke," spoke a deep, masculine voice, "'Old yer 'orses, carn't yer? I been 'ere since Dunkerque!"

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"This one can't miss. The title is,
'We rely on the army, the navy and the airforce
Not to mention the Marines and the F.B.I., of course
The Coast Guard and the Merchant Marine are tops
Your bonds will hasten victory until the axis Pops.'"

. . . From London, too, comes a new definition of a gentleman: a patient wolf. . . .

HOWARD LINDSAY and Dorothy Stickney are back in their original roles in "Life with Father," and to hear delighted audiences at the Empire Theatre shout their approval, you'd never dream that this brilliant adaptation of Clarence Day's testy essays has become a veritable museum piece, well into its fifth year, and older by several months than World War Two! "Life with Father" is no longer just a show; it's a big business. Teresa Wright, who first played the ingenue role in the New York company, is now a great Hollywood star. The original youngest son is said to have played Father in stock this summer. Lindsay and Crouse are writing—or talking about writing—a dramatization of Day's sequel called "Life with Mother" and a spy drama laid in Ankara. Lindsay also has a perfect title for a mystery novel: "The Night the Moon Was Late." Unfortunately, he hasn't been able to think up a plot to go with it yet. If there are any nicer people in the theatre than the entire "Life with Father" contingent, your correspondent has never met them. Incidentally, the Clarence Day book has been printed by Knopf as part of an omnibus called "Life with Father and Mother" (the other contents are "Life with Mother" and "God and My Father"); it will be done as a reprint by both the Modern Library and Pocket Books in the Spring. . . .

VERBATIM QUOTATION from Isabel Paterson's column in *The New York Herald Tribune*: "We never seen any merit in Stephen Crane's 'Red Badge of Courage'; it is very clever pastiche, and nothing more." . . . Maybe I.M.P. ought to rename her column "Toins with a Bookwoim." Maybe it was that awful color "red" in the title that disturbed her. . . . *The American Mercury* received a letter from a subscriber which read "In answer to your renewal notice, I am ninety-six years old and am no longer making long-term commitments. How about a six months' subscription?" . . . Blanche Knopf, who is harder to keep track of than Mrs. Roosevelt, was last reported dining in the Savoy Grill, London. . . .

AN UNPRECEDENTED rush of business has made it practically impossible to get a table in a New York restaurant during the dinner hour, and Mr. Garfinkel became increasingly aware of this fact while he tried vainly to fight his way past the lobby of a half-dozen high class eateries. Finally he staggered into a tiny delicatessen, and planted himself at the solitary marble-topped table in the rear.

To his surprise a waiter appeared instantly, and said "What'll you have?"

"A couple soft-boiled eggs," begged Mr. Garfinkel, "and a few kind words."

Five minutes later the eggs were planked down in front of him. "So here are the eggs," he murmured plaintively. "Now how about the few kind words?"

The waiter leaned over and whispered into Mr. Garfinkel's ear, "Don't eat them eggs!"

BENNETT CERF.

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The Westalls

SHE CAME TO THE VALLEY. By Cleo Dawson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1943. 388 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

AMERICAN pioneering did not come to an end when free land was no longer to be had in the Texas border town in the Rio Grande West. There were still areas to undergo pioneer settlement, although in accelerated tempo with the extension of the railroad and the coming of the automobile. "She Came to the Valley" is a vigorous tale of the birth of a valley and of its early struggles to endure in the face of nature's plagues and man's belligerency. Through the indomitable courage and faith of the heroine of the novel and others like her the valley towns survive and help make possible the blossoming of this vast area into one of the garden spots of the nation.

—*Photo by Maurice*
Cleo Dawson

"She Came to the Valley" begins in 1905 in lively, raw Oklahoma City, with the era well established to the reader by reference to racket stores, buckboards, dudes, William Jennings Bryan, and the whipping of children. The Westalls move on to a miserable Texas ranch "meant for men and horses, not for dogs and women." After Pat Westall is crippled in an accident, Willy assumes control of the family fortunes, and directs the hazardous wagon trip across the desert to the great Valley. She is not interested only in making money. "They would build a country in this delta valley of the Rio Grande that would top the world in the reclamation of a desert . . . The land would yield its increase and make the people rich. They would be done with snow and winter . . . They saw the country as it would be—oranges, lemons, jasmines, poinsettias, and castor beans." And at the end of the novel after endless hardships, after the death of a child and her husband, she determines to carry on. "I did not come to the Valley for money. It was for water mostly, and for green things growing —and people close enough to touch."

It is a good-neighbor novel. The author knows the Mexicans well, and writes of their kindness and loyalty with affection as well as authority. She asserts that the villain in the woodpile, whenever international relations were strained (as from 1912 to 1917), was Germany, who fomented distrust and hatred for reasons more obvious to us now than a generation ago. She contends that even Pancho Villa was a naive tool of German agents to promote dissension and possibly involve us in a continental war and thereby keep us out of the European conflict.

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A Gibbings Voyage

COMING DOWN THE WYE. Written and Illustrated by Robert Gibbings. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1943. 189 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS is a jewel of a book for any one who loves lanes that twist, streams that wind, a sauntering walk, a personal approach, and a joyful inconsequence in subject. Long one of the best wood engravers and illustrators in Great Britain, Robert Gibbings—he is an Irishman who takes his native Cork with him—is now growing into one of our easiest, deftest essayists.

Not a few readers will, I think, be reminded by the manner of this book of Stevenson's "Adventures with a Donkey." Mr. Gibbings is no conscious stylist; but he has Stevenson's lively interest in chance-met people, a zest for odd scraps of knowledge, country lore, and cottage superstition, and a keen eye for natural beauty and the ways of birds and beasts.

The Wye rises in one of Wales's noblest, most genial mountains, Plynlimon. On its way to Severn and the sea it runs through valleys and towns of historic and poetic interest to Welsh and English alike. Llangurig and Rhayader, Builth Wells, Clifford Castle and Bredwardine, where the Golden Valley shelters Capel-y-Ffin and Llanthony where lived Walter Savage Landor and, generations later, Father Ignatius, and, later, Eric Gill. When Hereford is passed, the river flows on to Ross, Monmouth, and Tintern and later joins the Severn.

Wye is a very friendly river, and Mr. Gibbings's voyage on foot and pony beside it brought him friends nearly all the way. Farmers, innkeepers, poachers, fishermen, squires, and shepherds—he listens to all and in a few words gives us the man. He is rightly struck by the poetic quality in the speech of Welsh people, even when they are speaking English.

> The men on Rhayader are either poets or fishermen, or both. An old man resting on his scythe at the edge of a green field said to me: "The burbling of the water is like harp song." A young man watering his horse said: "I like to breathe deep, for then all the scents of all the flowers in the valley are mine."

Very rarely is the war mentioned; in this quiet, profoundly established countryside the life of the farm and the market go on as they have gone on for centuries. Of the physical aspect of that country and its birds Mr. Gibbings's lovely wood-engravings, excellently reproduced, provide an enchanting record.

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Growing Pains

NO LONGER FUGITIVE. By Ann Chidester. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 403 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

ANN CHIDESTER is only twenty-four years old and this is her second novel. Once again our hats are off to youth. Her present story is of the yearnings and pains of adolescents trying to find a place in a world that seems to offer only chaos and restless questionings.

The Irish Moores live in a small town in Minnesota fifteen miles from St. Paul, in a great rambling house built years ago by Matt, one of the last surviving lumber kings of the region and at seventy-nine still the ruling power in the lives of his brood of grandchildren collected under his roof. He is a lusty, vain, tobacco-stained old chap whose appetite for food, likker, and women is only mildly appeased by age. Liam, a boy of twenty and the main Fugitive, is his favorite and the story is largely concerned with this lad's gropings for a meaning to his own existence and a justification of the war to which he is soon to be drafted. It is also the story of Mary Margaret, a rich and lovely convent-bred girl married (but not a wife) to another grandson, Simon, now fighting in the Pacific. When the story opens Liam is running a hot-dog stand and devoting his leisure to girls, likker, and his beloved cornet. Mary Margaret, lost and lonely in the family for which she has neither respect nor understanding, helps him and is half in love with him. After a while Liam takes his horn and starts off to see the West and to try to find an answer to his future. He plays in a roadhouse band and is drawn into a violent fight with the incestuous father of an exotic and sex-driven girl. Other adventures follow and at last he finds himself in Taos where he meets the girl who helps him find himself and the answers to his questionings. In the meanwhile Simon comes home and brings peace to Mary Margaret. A cyclone destroys the house and old Matt and the new generation prepares to rebuild the world as Gran built his, "only better."

It is a high-tension story of which I have indicated only the main plot. It has lots of other characters, one of whom is an easily-recognized Minnesota-born author, and it rushes along as tumultuously as a little mountain stream in the spring. Indeed the exuberance of its telling becomes at times a little disconcerting, its flood of words, well chosen though they are, almost exhausting. The young suffer prodigiously but they are never at a loss for a word. (Is this generation really so articulate?) The characters for the most part are well drawn, but they are incomplete, like posters in the primary colors with never a hint of gray or pastel tones. Miss Chidester is a romantic at heart and no realistic attitude toward sex or scorn of inhibitions can conceal her romantic leanings.

But there is no denying the fact that Miss Chidester's is a genuine literary talent. She writes always with zest and often with unusual sensitiveness and beauty, she has a sincere feeling for her characters even if she fails at times to realize them, and she has the born story-teller's sense of drama. In short, give her time and a little more discipline and she is bound to develop into a fine creative artist.

Erratum

The reproduction of the daguerreotype of Walt Whitman on page 6 of the Oct. 16, 1943 issue was not made in the 1840's but about 1854 by Gabriel Harrison.

Down in the Dirt

IN TIME OF HARVEST. By John L. Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 226 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

WHEN Tod McClung, plain, ordinary dirt farmer, came to New Mexico in 1919 to settle on a section of homestead land, he knew exactly what he wanted. He had ambitions for himself and his many children, but they were modest ambitions. He wanted to grow beans and add to his land until he had a profitable farm that would support his family in good years and bad. But beyond that he refused to look, and he could not see why his children should be educated, for he stoutly maintained that learning would be of no use to them in their work.

His philosophy was very simple. "We're like mules that bust clods and sweat and know we ain't good for nothin' but just that," he told the school teacher. "We're hard and tough and down in the dirt where we belong . . . Don't try to lift us

Willy is a heroine for the ages...

SHE CAME TO THE VALLEY

BY **CLEO DAWSON**

Her story is told in this long, rich novel of the Rio Grande Valley at the beginning of the century. *Donald Gordon*, in the American News of Books, gives it a Triple-A rating and says: "This looks to us to have the stuff everyone likes in a novel.... A thoroughly good job."

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out of the soil, for it's our meat and livin'."

He became a successful farmer, working the soil industriously and adding to his acreage every time he had enough cash laid by to use for purchasing more land. He was lucky, too, for his crops prospered. But the children he raised were not all as successful as his endless bean crops. Some of them went bad, some withered and died, some grew up as miniature replicas of their mother and father, and some went on to improve themselves beyond their parent stock.

John L. Sinclair's novel about them is as earthy as the soil in which the McClung family grubbed. A comparison between it and John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" is inevitable. Less ambitious in scope, far less bitter and less concerned with great social problems, "In Time of Harvest" nevertheless gives a picture of the Southwestern dirt farmer that is as sincere and as forthright as Steinbeck's portrayal of the Oakies. It lacks the drama and the epic quality that came from the ever-continuing sense of movement as the Joads doggedly headed West to what they thought would be the land of their dreams; it is written in a minor key; and it is far less tragic in its implications than "The Grapes of Wrath." Yet it completes another part of the canvas that is gradually recording the various aspects of American life as it was lived in our time.

It is one of the many fine regional novels that have distinguished recent American literature. Taken together, they make an impressive list and lead one to suspect that perhaps the great American novel will be not one book but many. "In Time of Harvest" deserves a place in the serried row of volumes that eventually will comprise the whole story of this century's civilization in the United States.

In the "Lone Oak" Country

DUNE BOY. By Edwin Way Teale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 255 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

EDWIN WAY TEALE is a naturalist who has crept quietly upon the American people. His "Golden Throng," which Maurice Maeterlinck called the Bible of the Bees, drew an enthusiastic public with each member of that public feeling himself a personal discoverer. When "Grassroot Jungles" appeared and we learned that the door yard provided an arena for animal life and activities as thrilling and deadly as the further reaches of Frank Buck or Osa Johnson travels there was still the word-of-mouth have-you-read eager endorsement. Reviewers and critics were generous with praise but Mr. Teale remained his public's private find. His writing, while detailed and accurate in the best scientific tradition, is yet always full of personal reactions and points of view. He tells you exactly what he saw or heard but he tells you at the same time, and with no pointing finger, exactly how these things affected him, what they brought to mind, what they suggested. That is nature-writing at its best and that is the way Edwin Teale writes.

"Dune Boy" tells the story of the author's boyhood on his grandparents' farm, Lone Oak, in the dune country of Lake Michigan. "Life," he says, "during these early years was divided into a kind of mental Arctic night and day. During the winter months, I lived in a city, went to school, moved in a crepuscular and foreign realm. Summers, and at Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter vacations, I covered seventy miles which separated Joliet, Illinois, from this dune-country farm of my grandparents. That seventy miles seemed to carry me to the other side of the world."

It carries the reader to the other side of the world, the space-time world, too. The wonders are endless,—the first startling beauty of two luna moths, "ethereal creatures, pale green and with flowing ribbon tails, clinging to the leaves of the grape arbor," the dull-witted fly bumbling a day and a night in a lamp chimney never finding its way to freedom through the open top, the green plush carpet of moss dotted with crimson wintergreen berries whose flavor the author feels worthy to rank with Coleridge's honey dew and milk of Paradise, snakes of fact and snakes of legend, Indian relics, and the extraordinary and disillusioning experience in attempted high finance with mouse pelts. The world will never again be quite so full of a number of things as it is in boyhood.

The sub-title of Mr. Teale's book is "The Early Years of a Naturalist." The reader is left with the feeling that naturalists are both born and made. There must be, to begin with, the quick eye and ear, the eager curiosity and the long memory, but built up and out from these must be the wide philosophy and interpretive technic which place before the reader as an integrated body of knowledge what has been discovered as isolated items of fact. Edwin Way Teale is an American naturalist of whom we may well be proud.

WHITMAN AND LINCOLN

(*Continued from page* 4)

sumably not unaware of some magnetism between them. A. Van Rensselaer, in a letter frequently quoted, reports that Lincoln remarked upon seeing him, "Well, *he* looks like a Man." This may or may not be true to literal fact, but it is emotionally true to the circumstances. They had surely never talked, for Whitman would certainly have recorded what would have been for him so momentous an occasion. They may, of course, have shaken hands at the President's last levee, where we know Walt was present. He says himself in two diary notes: "October 31, 1863. Called at the President's house, on John Hay—saw Mr. Lincoln standing, talking with a gentleman, apparently a dear friend. . . . His face & manner have an expression & are inexpressibly sweet—one hand on his friend's shoulder, the other holds his hand. I love the President personally." In later years, in those addresses on the anniversary of Lincoln's death which became a feature of his life, there is no distrust left of Lincoln's leadership, or doubts as to his quality of a hero. He has become in Whitman's memory an outstanding illustration of the line which Walt had written in 1856, "Produce great Persons, the rest follows." But it was not this Carlylian sentiment which moved him in 1865, and it is not the theme of his poems.

I dwell upon this rather curious fact because it is so characteristic of the true and often misunderstood Whitman. Here was his wished-for leader who was to come up from the plain people. Here was precisely the kind of man whose absence he deplored in our military services, the leaders of which, as he wrote, had been trained in lessons of the past, or under foreign influence, could not adapt themselves to democratic conditions, and were responsible for three-fourths of our losses. And it was Lincoln, he said, who "kept the United States from being thrown down and having its throat cut." Yet the group of poems inspired by the President's murder omits the laurels, except for the fine lines of the epitaph:

> This dust was once the man,
> Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand . . .
> Was saved the Union of these States.

And even here it is service for the people by one of the people that is emphasized, rather than greatness.

The truth is that in his famous group of poems, Whitman mourns the loss of a beloved friend of the people, and even more of a friend deeply loved by himself—not the death of a great democrat, not the martyrdom of a hero. The

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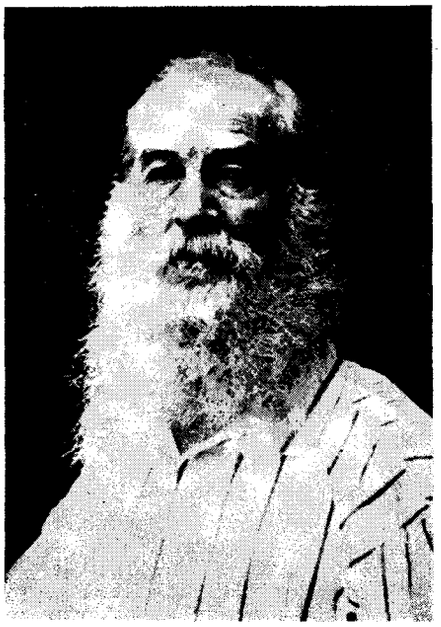
fine elegy, "When Lilacs Last in the Door Yard Bloom'd," now in every anthology, is not a patriotic outburst, but the finest and most sublimated of those *Calamus* poems which celebrate the love of comrades. And if it is urged that this comrade, Lincoln, Whitman knew only by exchange of glances, the answer is that, for Whitman, this was enough. Walt's world, in spite of his far-flung talk of kosmoses, was a world of individuals, of persons. Intensely magnetic, as all his friends testify, Whitman was extremely sensitive to magnetism in others. And he made his loves and his friendships alike, by a look or a touch on the arm or knee, as with Pete Doyle on his streetcar:

Passing stranger! you do not know
how longingly I look upon you,

You must be he I was seeking, . . .
I am not to speak to you, I am to
think of you when I sit alone or
wake at night alone,
I am to wait, I do not doubt I am
to meet you again,
I am to see to it that I do not lose
you.

Lincoln, for Whitman, was at first such a stranger, a stranger of whom he knew much, but soon came to feel more. When the ship was "anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done," the murder of the great captain was for him, personally, the loss of a symbolic man of the people, one of the "great companions," "the swift and majestic men," the "trusters of men and women," whom he loved.

Therefore, in the Lilac elegy, which was written in the spring or summer after Lincoln's death, he describes the great President as a beloved stranger, and the greatness of our loss in his death as proportionate not so much to the eminence of the man as to the breadth of his capacity for love. Whitman himself, when he wrote this poem, had been ill and failing for the first time in his life. Death for him had also moved closer.



—From the photograph attributed to J. Gurney & Son.

Walt Whitman in 1865

Thus with the sense of Lincoln's death at one side of him, and the thought of his own death "close-walking the other side of me," he mourns "the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands." For Lincoln, the soiled world has been washed by night and death. And his loss is a reminder that after struggle comes "the delicious near-by freedom of death."

It is clear that Whitman felt most strongly of Lincoln that he had too much love for the human kind. For such (in a soil'd world) only death can bring release, and in mourning for them only their spiritual kin can say the final word, which is neither of power, nor of skill, nor of achievement, but of love. And who shall say that the triumph of Lincoln's memory over detraction and debunking has not been a triumph of that love which was the secret of the sadness in his face, and the essence of Whitman's poem!

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
STALK THE HUNTER *Mitchell Wilson* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Young Czechish girl in continuous peril at hands of nest of foreign agents in Manhattan. American chemist saves her.	Moves at break-neck speed through exciting situations to whale of a finish. Convincing spy yarn with action enough for anybody.	First class
THE STARS ARE DARK *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	English officer, cashiered for trouble in India, takes up hazardous Intelligence work against Nazis in Britain.	Dark and devilish doings of British and German spies told in hard-hitting, effective, and hair-raising fashion.	Tops in spy-stuff
MURDER IN THE RADIO DEPARTMENT *Alfred Eichler* (Gold Label: $2.)	Double-slaying of ad. agency big shot solved by copy writer using approved advertising methods.	Not too deep a mystery but well supplied with pungent details of characters, private lifes, and adequate action.	Diverting

THE GORY GAZETTE

MITCHELL WILSON, author of *Stalk the Hunter*, a just-published Inner Sanctum Mystery, specializes in playing gently on his readers' nerves. His novels creep up on you quietly enough; nevertheless they affect your pulse and blood pressure to a point that would interest any doctor. Last year, in reviewing MR. WILSON'S *Footsteps Behind Her*, *Esquire's* murder expert threw caution to the winds and stated: "Unlike anything I have read before and absolutely terrifying. The story increases with terrific cumulative force so that it becomes almost unbearable."

Stalk the Hunter is in the same pattern of terror and pursuit. It is a tale of The Hunter (a suave, shockingly ruthless art critic), and The Hunted (a courageous and helpless girl). Between these two ill-matched adversaries is fought a bitter game of murder and espionage.

In trying to define the kind of emotional chill MITCHELL WILSON'S books manage to give us, we recall what DOROTHY SAYERS wrote about horror in her brilliant introduction to the *Omnibus of Crime*. She made the point that there's no universal formula. The reader who can wander unmoved through vampires, zombies, were-wolves, and torture chambers starts looking furtively under the bed at mention of a ticking clock in a deserted house. MISS SAYERS confessed that her own choice for the supreme ice-in-the-veins-producer is the simple sentence, "It is later than you think."

Well, our choice right now is *Stalk the Hunter*. For our money, MITCHELL WILSON knows how to impart genuine terror. He knows that it isn't the loud scream in the night, the hideous shape clearly seen. Rather, it is the gently closing door in an empty room, the soft whispering voice that breaks a long silence, the shadow of a man who waits implacably at the end of a lonely corridor.

Scared? Then pull yourself together and go to the nearest book store for your copy of

STALK THE HUNTER

by Mitchell Wilson

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The Phoenix Nest

TO continue, concerning *The Golden Argosy*, Robert Hammond Murray of The Military Service Publishing Company writes me as follows:

> Your saga of *The Golden Argosy* might have been expanded, by mention that Munsey started it in opposition to the highly profitable *Golden Days*, fathered by James Elverson of Philadelphia, who later founded, I think, at least hugely profited by, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. *Golden Days* was the better. *Munsey* wrote a good share of *The Argosy* himself, under assorted pen names.
>
> When I fell heir to the job of carrying morning papers for the local newsman in the old home town I rocked the economic structure of his organization to its foundations by demanding a copy of *Golden Days*, in addition to the set wage of one buck a week. Famine prevailing currently in the boy labor market I made my demand stick. "Red" hadn't been invented then as an epithet of reproach, applicable to those who grind the faces of the rich, but if it had, I'd have been one, in my employer's estimation. He as much as said so.

And Jacob Wilk, of the Story Department at Warner Brothers, has this to add to my reminiscences of bright college years:

> While you were enjoying shows that were coming to New Haven around 1900, I was watching plays in Minneapolis as an usher in the theatre, starting in 1902. I do remember Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," also "The Wizard of Oz" when Anna Laughlin, not Anna McLoughlin, came out in tights. I am sorry that we didn't have Mory's in Minneapolis, but we did have a saloon next door to the theatre called Lally's where we used to have our beers. Lally's had atmosphere, but nothing like the atmosphere at Mory's.

Jane D. Shenton of Philadelphia remembers "T. Put"'s calf poem; but can it be the same? The one *I* knew appeared in *The Yale Record*. In speaking of Carlisle she mentions the Pennsylvania town where my grandmother, Mrs. Rose, lived for many years. I once wrote some verse about the private estate of Mooreland. Indeed I remember the Carlisle Indian School! I used to see them marching into town for church. They had good football teams too. All sporting writers can recall Jim Thorpe! Here is Miss Shenton's letter:

> You will doubtless be surprised to learn that the verse you remember about the wobbly calf still sticks in one or two other memories. I think I saw it in *St. Nicholas* when I was young—it was one of a series of animal pictures with verses. It comes to my mind frequently, for some reason, and I am sure if I were to repeat the first line of it, my brother could complete it. I remember the second line as "I think it ought to make you laugh."—Perhaps it was revised. Anyhow, I like mine better.
>
> While I am writing this, my first letter to you, let me say that we have one other memory in common—of Mooreland, in Carlisle, and the deer. Only I was on the other side of the fence. When, about 1900, my father (a railroad man) was transferred from Philadelphia to Carlisle, he visited that town, and came back with a story about a park "with live deer in it." (Not to mention Indians! You remember the Indian School?)
>
> You sometimes refer to children's books that appealed to me in childhood. I wonder if you ever read, or heard of, "Mary's Meadow," by Juliana Horatio Ewing. It is a charming story that I can still read every year or two.

I thank D. K. Berninghausen of Iowa State Teachers College, who believes, as I do, that democracy's greatest problem is how to limit those with an excess of economic power. I am amazed at the combined flippancy and sentimentality with which those who sympathize with excess economic power write to me concerning it! You would think, also, that it was something holy, a tabu not to be breathed upon. But, merely because I write verse, I am considered a starry-eyed non-realist.

A contribution to literary criticism, of a sort, is the following sent me by Wilson O. Clough, Professor of English at the University of Wyoming:

ON BEING URGED TO READ
LLOYD DOUGLAS WHO
WOULD DO ME GOOD
OR: CRITICISM OVER THE
GARDEN FENCE

This tear you took to mean that I
improve
From Douglas wasn't;
These honest onions, from my garden,
move—
Lloyd Douglas doesn't.

From La Jolla, California, back in July, came a fine letter from Victor S. Yarros, relating to a controversy then extant. I was out of town at the time. I shall now merely quote from it this:

> Liberals are demanding a mixed economic system. Well, a mixed system means collectivism as one of its important ingredients. The T.V.A. is a striking example of democratic collectivism. The T.V.A. employs forty thousand persons, and has no labor troubles or fights with consumers, or a spoils system and grafts. We can have a dozen such authorities with benefit to all save some monopolists. Give us more free enterprise, if you please, and less monopoly in our basic industries. Our monopolists clamor for free enterprise, and then form cartels and trusts to reduce competition to a minimum . . . Two of our leading economists, conservatives both, Moulton and Sprague, have said that "the trouble with capitalism is the capitalist"—the man who is afraid to run risks to reduce prices, to increase production, and who prefers the policy of restricting output, cutting wages, maintaining high prices, thus aggravating the crisis he doesn't know how to avert.

Gorham Munson has kindly sent me an article of his in the October issue of *Tomorrow*. He speaks of Archibald MacLeish (a poet) seeing that "the new technology which was responsible for abundance was also responsible for an accelerated displacement of men from jobs. Fewer employes in industry were turning out a greater and greater output. An industrial trend creating 'obsolete men' was gathering speed . . . 'The sum and substance of the problem is this,' wrote MacLeish, 'from the purely productive point of view, a part of the human race is already obsolete and a further part is obsolescent. But from the consuming point of view, no human being is obsolete: on the contrary, an ever-increasing human consumption is not only desirable but necessary. These are the hard and pointed horns of the dilemma of our time.'" Over against this Mr. Munson places the statement of Montague Norman, banking master-mind, in the autumn of 1932. Mr. Norman said then, in part, concerning the Depression, "It is too great for me. I will admit that for the moment the way, for me, is not clear." The problem does not seem even to have been understood.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Enobarbus, in "Antony and Cleopatra."
2. Jaques, in "As You Like It."
3. Romeo, in "Romeo and Juliet."
4. Lear, in "King Lear."
5. Launcelot Gobbo, in "The Merchant of Venice."
6. Rosalind, in "As You Like It."
7. Polonius, in "Hamlet."
8. Ulysses, in "Troilus and Cressida."
9. Marcellus, in "Hamlet."
10. The Duke, in "As You Like It."
11. Lysander, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
12. Antonio, in "The Merchant of Venice."
13. Mark Antony, in "Julius Caesar."
14. Cassius, in "Julius Caesar."
15. Brutus, in "Julius Caesar."

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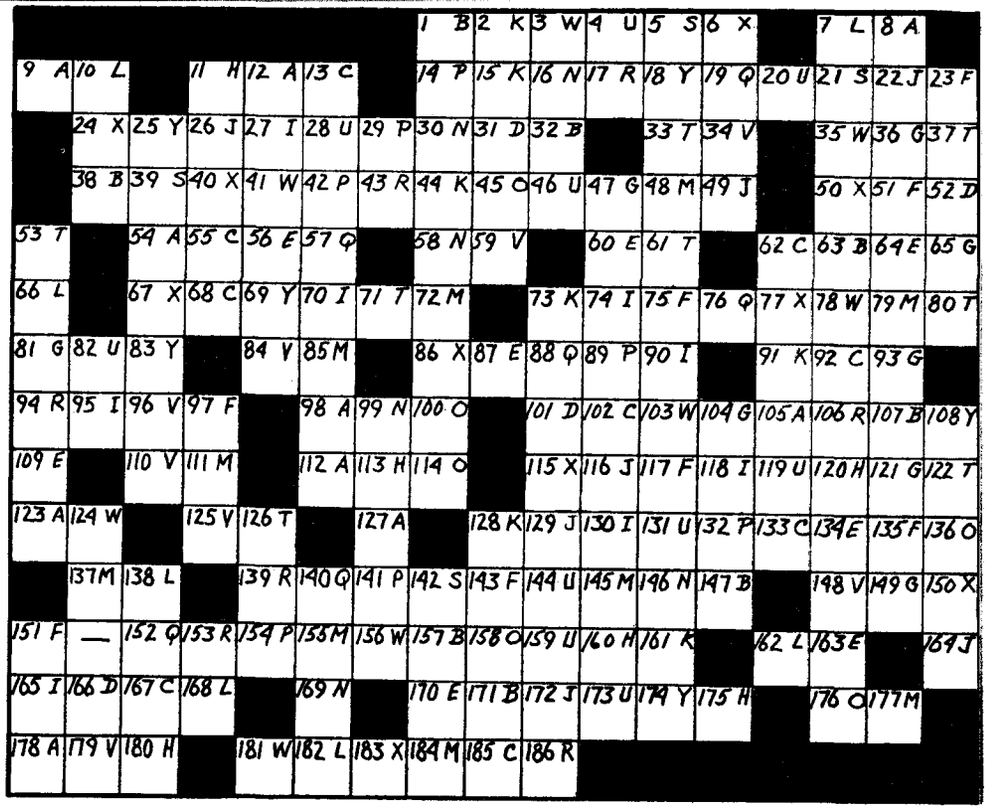
The Crostics Club

HALFWAY to the millenium—DC 1000—is perhaps an auspicious time to pause for stock-taking. The stunning news over the phone that the *SRL* had accepted my DCs a couple of days after I had presented them is the sort of shock, even if pleasant, from which one never recovers. The friendly relationship established then exists today even more closely. The *SRL* has never hampered me in my selections or their working-out, and when they offered me this column two years ago they rounded out that relationship by bringing you and me together more directly. I'm quite sure that in these ten years I have progressed from a haphazard system to a well-defined method of making DCs. To our puzzlers who through the years have made this relationship possible, hearty thanks!

You may recall the discussion we once had over the spelling of the first name of the author of *The Nazarene*, since WNI spelled it *Sholom*, the "Oxford Companion to American Literature," *shalom*, and the puzzler who protested, *Sholem*. The WNI sent me ample proof that all three spellings were justified, that *Sholem* was Yiddish, whereas *Shalom* was Hebrew. It seems fitting, therefore, since Asch is the foremost American Yiddish writer, that in his new book, "The Apostle," his name is given as *Sholem*, apparently in his own wish.

In response to my invitation for lists of usable words, I'm grateful to Mrs. Frederick W. Harnwell, Frederick, Md. for a list compiled from the "Concise Oxford Dictionary," and for one from C. H. Hurd, Librarian, Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn., dealing with Aeronautics. At random I selected *nose heavy* from Mr. Hurd's to utilize an *h*. How can I give space to: Designating an aircraft in which in any given condition of normal flight, the nose tends to drop if the longitudinal control is released? I'm not sufficiently versed in Aeronautics to condense it, and, besides, the *nose* in the definition gives it away at once. About one third of Mrs. Harnwell's I have previously used. Although I go afield for my words, in common names I have held to a theory that the words should be from an authoritative American compilation accessible to all. Such are the limitations of DC making!

For calling my attention to the source in Morison's book of the *ocean sea*, I am indebted to Marie Reimer, N. Y. City, Mrs. Edward F. Buchner, Baltimore, Steven Byington, and Max L. Stolz, Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Stolz adds: "It was known to Europeans as the ocean sea long after the time of Columbus. If you want confirmation of this in recent literature, I suggest that you look at Alfred Noyes's book of poems about the Mermaid Tavern. There are constant references in this poem to the ocean sea." E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 500

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Originator of the Maccabaean rebellion (Bib.)

B. Title of play by Euripides and opera by Gluck (Gr. Myth.)

C. Lake of Wordsworth's affection.

D. American playwright (1892-).

E. Unfriendliness to one's state or government.

F. Cowardice (slang—2 wds.)

G. Looking with envy or malice (comp.)

H. Feudal duty or tribute due to a lord—at the death of a tenant (Eng. law).

I. Wickedness; gross injustice.

J. Ingenious devices (colloq.)

K. Extinct.

L. Bishop of the Goths (Meso-Gothic Bible; 311-81).

M. Mummy brown (2 wds.)

N. The father of Samson (Bib.)

O. Father of Dejanira (Greek Myth.)

P. Made a three-base hit (baseball).

Q. Concerning this.

R. A deed of renown; to utilize.

S. A vivid and confused view, noise, etc.

T. Ordinary; commonplace (colloq.)

U. Not corrupted or debased.

V. To delay; put aside (2 wds.)

W. Popular work by Samuel Smiles (1859).

X. Certain to confront one.

Y. One of the Furies (Gr. Myth.)

WORDS

54 127 98 112 123 178 12 9 105 8

171 147 38 32 1 63 107 157

55 102 167 62 68 92 133 13 185

52 166 31 101

60 109 56 134 87 64 163 170

23 135 75 117 151 51 97 143

149 104 47 65 81 93 36 121

113 180 175 120 160 11

95 130 70 27 74 118 165 90

116 129 172 22 26 49 164

91 15 73 2 161 128 44

182 66 138 162 168 7 10

72 85 184 177 111 145 137 79 48 155

16 169 30 58 146 99

176 114 136 100 45 158

42 89 132 154 141 29 14

57 88 19 152 140 76

186 153 139 94 17 43 106

5 142 39 21

37 122 80 71 53 61 126 33

28 82 119 159 173 144 20 46 4 131

148 179 84 96 125 110 34 59

41 156 78 181 35 103 124 3

77 40 24 50 115 183 67 6 150 86

69 25 174 18 83 108

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ANNOUNCING

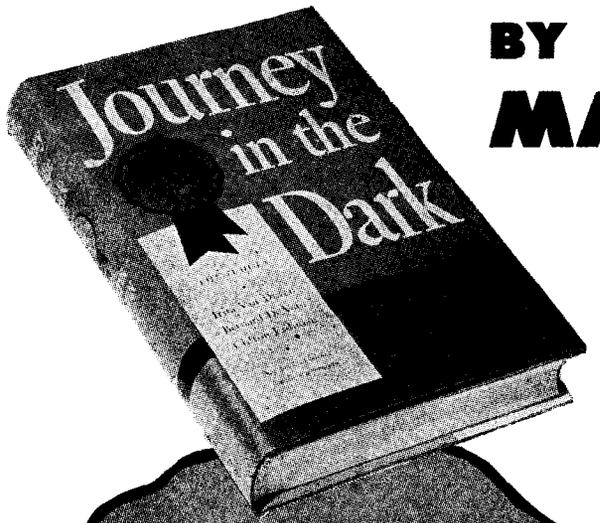
The Harper Prize Novel

1943-44

Journey in the Dark

BY

MARTIN FLAVIN



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